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THROAT and LUNG TROUB-
LES, or MONEY BACK.

The Two Vanrevels
By BOOTH TARKINGTON
Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"
Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Co.
In the carriage Mrs. Tanberry took
Betty's hand in hers. "I'll do as you
wish, child," she said, "and never
speak to you of him again as long as
I live except this once. I think it was
best for his own sake as well as yours,
but—"
"He needed a lesson," interrupted
Miss Betty wearily. She had danced
long and hard, and she was very tired.
Mrs. Tanberry's staccato laugh came
out irresistibly. "All the vagabonds
do, princess," she cried. "And I think
they are getting it."
"No, no, I don't mean!"
"We've turned their heads, my dear,
between us, you and I, and we'll have
to turn 'em again, or they'll break their
necks looking over their shoulders at
us, the owls!" She pressed the girl's
hand affectionately. "But you'll let me
say something just once and forgive me
because we're the same foolish age, you
know. It's only this: The next
young man you suppress, take him off
in a corner. Lead him away from the
crowd where he won't have to stand
and let them look at him afterward.
That's all, my dear, and you mustn't
mind."
"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty hot-
ly. "I'm not sorry!"
"No, no," said Mrs. Tanberry soothing-
ly. "It was better this time to do
just what you did. I'd have done it
myself, to make quite sure he would
keep away—because I like him."
"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty again.
"I'm not sorry," she repeated and
reiterated to herself after Mrs. Tan-
berry had gone to bed. She had sunk
into a chair in the library with a book,
and "I'm not sorry," she whispered as
the open unread page blurred before
her. "I'm not sorry!" He had needed
his lesson, but she had to bear the re-
collection of how white his face went
when he received it. Her affront had
put about him a strange loneliness—
the lone figure with the stilled crowd
staring. It had made a picture from
which her mind's eye had been unable
to escape, danced she never so hard
and late. Unconsciously Robert Car-
ew's daughter had avenged the other
lonely figure which had stood in lonely
humiliation before the staring eyes.
"I'm not sorry!" Ah, did they think
it was in her to hurt any living thing
in the world? The book dropped from
her lap, and she bowed her head upon
her hands. "I'm not sorry!" and
tears upon the small lace garters!
She saw them with an incoherent
exclamation, half self-pitying, half im-
patient, ran out to the stars above her
garden.
She was there for perhaps half an
hour, and just before she returned to
the house she did a singular thing.
Standing where all was clear to the
sky, where she had stood after her talk
with the incredible when he had bid
her look to the stars, she raised her
arms to them again, her face pale with
a great tenderness, uplifted.
"You, you, you!" she whispered. "I
love you!"
And yet it was to nothing definite,
to no man nor outline of a man, to no
phantom nor dream lover, that she
spoke; neither to him she had ad-
mired nor to him who had bidden her
look to the stars. Nor was it to the
stars themselves.
She returned slowly and thoughtfully
to the house, wondering what she
had meant.
CHAPTER XI.
CRALLEY came home the next
day with a new poem, but no
fish. He lounged up the stairs
late in the afternoon hum-
ming cheerfully to himself and, drop-
ping his rod in a corner of Tom's of-
fice, laid the poem on the desk before
his partner, chuckled softly and re-
quested Mr. Vanrevel to set the rhymes
to music immediately.
"Try it on your instrument," he said.
"It's a simple verse about nothing but
stars, and you can work it out in twenty
minutes with the guitar."
"It is broken," said Tom, not looking
up from his work.
"Broken? When?"
"Last night."
"Who broke it?"
"I fell from a table in my room."
"How? Easily minded, isn't it?"
"I think I shall not play it soon
again."
Cralley swung his long legs off the
sofa and abruptly sat up. "What's
this?" he asked gravely.
Tom pushed his papers away from
him, rose and went to the dusty win-
dow that looked to the west, where, at
the end of the long street, the sun was
settling behind the ruf of charred tim-
bers on the bank of the shining river.
"It seems that I played once too of-
ten," he said.
Cralley was thoroughly astonished.
He went to his friend and dropped a
hand lightly on his shoulder. "What
made you break the guitar? Tell me."
"What makes you think I broke it?"
asked his partner sharply.
"Tell me why you did it," said Cral-
ley.
And Tom, pacing the room, told him,
while Cralley stood in silence looking
him eagerly in the eye whenever Tom
turned his way. The listener interrupt-
ed seldom. Once it was to exclaim:
"Reproach her!" He, who played his
trubecility be-
he been her father's
should have had too
shame to dare to speak
that night, when her qu-
had exhibited him to him
the world as naught else
and a noisy one at that!
Suddenly a shudder
He struck his open pa-

forehead and spoke aloud, while, from
horizon to horizon, the night air grew
thick with the whispered laughter of
observing hobgoblins.
"And even if there had been no stair-
way, we could have slid down the
nose line!"
He retraced his steps, a tall, gray fig-
ure moving slowly through the blue
darkness, and his lips formed the heart-
sick shadow of a smile when he found
that he had unconsciously turned into
Carew street. Presently he came to
a gap in a hedge, through which he
had sometimes stolen to hear the sound
of a harp and a girl's voice singing,
but he did not enter there tonight,
though he paused a moment, his head
bowed on his breast.
There came a sound of voices. They
seemed to be moving toward the hedge,
toward the gap where he stood, one a
man's, eager, quick, but very musical,
and the other a girl's, rich and clear, con-
tralto that passed into Tom's soul like
a psalm of rejoicing and like a scin-
tilla of flame. He shivered and moved
away quickly, but not before the man's
voice, somewhat louder for the mo-
ment, came distinctly from the other
side of the hedge.
"After all," said the voice, with a
ripple of laughter—"after all, weren't
you a little hard on that poor Mr.
Gray?"
Tom did not understand, but he knew
the voice. It was that of Cralley Gray.
He heard the same voice again that
night and again stood unseen. Long
after midnight he was still tramping
the streets on his lonely rounds when
he chanced to pass the Rouen House,
which hostelry bore to the uninitiated
eye the appearance of having closed
its doors upon all hospitality for the
night in strict compliance with the law
of the city fathers, yet a slender wand
of bright light might be discovered un-
derneath the street door of the bar-
room.
From within the merry retreat issued
an uproar of shouting, raucous laugh-
ter and the pounding of glasses on ta-
bles, heralding all too plainly the hy-
pocrisy of the landlord and possibly
that of the city fathers also. Tom
knew what company was gathered
there—gamblers, truckmen, drunken
farmers, men from the river steamers
making riot while their boats lay at
the wharf, with a motley gathering of
good-for-nothings of the back alleys
and tipping clerks from the main
street stores. There came loud cries
for a song, and in answer the voice of
Cralley rose over the general din, some-
what hoarse and never so musical when
he sang as when he spoke, yet so touch-
ing in his dramatic tenderness that soon
the noise fell away, and the roisterers
sat quietly to listen. It was not the
first time Ben Jonson's song had stilled
a disreputable company.
"I sent thee into a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it the hope that there
It might not withered be."
Perhaps just then Vanrevel would
have wished to hear him sing any-
thing in the world rather than that, for
on Cralley's lips it carried too much
meaning tonight, after the voice in
the garden. And Tom lingered no
more near the betraying silver of light
beneath the door than he had by the
gap in the hedge, but went steadily on
his way.
Not far from the hotel he passed a
small building brightly lighted and
echoing with musical clamors of indus-
try—the office of the Rouen Journal.
The press was going, and Mr. Cum-
mings' thin figure crossed and re-
crossed the windows, while his voice
could be heard energetically bidding
his assistants to "Look alive!" so that
Tom imagined that something might
have happened between the Xuees
river and the big Grande, but he did
not stop to ask the journalist, for he
desired to behold the face of none of
his friends, and he had fought out
some things within himself. So he
strode on toward nowhere.
Days were breaking when Mr. Gray
climbed the stairs to his room. There
were two nights, the ascent of the first
of which occupied about half an hour
of Cralley's invaluable time, and the
second might have taken more of it or
possibly consumed the greater part of
the morning had he received no assist-
ance; but, as he reclined to meditate
upon the last landing, another man en-
tered the hallway from without, as-
cended quickly, and Cralley became
pleasantly conscious that two strong
hands had lifted him to his feet and
presently that he was being borne aloft
upon the new-comer's back. It seemed
quite a journey, yet the motion was
soothing, so he made no effort to open
his eyes until he found himself gently
deposited upon the couch in his own
chamber, when he smiled amiably and,
looking up, discovered his partner
standing over him.
Tom was very pale, and there were
deep violet scratches beneath his eyes.
For once in his life he had come home
later than Cralley.
"First time, you know," said Cralley,
with difficulty. "You'll admit first time
completely ineffectual? Often needed
guiding hand, but never—quite—be-
fore."
"Yes," said Tom in quietude, "but
that time I saw you."
"I must have been drunk," said Cralley.
"I must have been drunk," said Cralley.

round his head. "All right very soon
and sober again," he muttered and lay
back upon the pillow with eyes tightly
closed in an intense effort to concen-
trate his will. When he opened them
again, four or five minutes later, they
had marvelously cleared and his look
was self-contained and sane.
"Haven't you heard the news?" he
spoke much more easily now. "It came
at midnight to the Journal."
"No; I've been walking in the coun-
try."
"The Mexicans crossed the Rio
Grande on the 20th of last month, cap-
tured Captain Thornton and murdered
Colonel Crook. That means war is cer-
tain."
"It has been certain for a long time,"
said Tom. "Polk has forced it from
the first."
"Then it's a pity he can't be the only
man to die!"
"Have they called for volunteers?"
asked Tom, going toward the door.
"No, but if the news is true they
will."
"Yes," said Tom, and as he reached
the hallway he paused. "Can I help
you to undress?"
"Certainly not!" Cralley sat up in-
dignantly. "Can't you see that I'm per-
fectly sober? It was the merest tem-
porary fit, and I've shaken it off. Don't
you see?" He got upon his feet, stag-
gered and came to the door with a turn
of his head.
"You're going to bed, aren't you?"
asked Tom. "You'd much better."
"No," answered Cralley. "Are you?"
"No. I'm going to work."
"You've been all up night, too, haven't
you?" Cralley put his hand on the other's
shoulder. "Were you hunting for
me?"
"No; not last night."
Cralley lurched suddenly, and Tom
caught him about the waist to steady
him.
"Sweethearting, tripping, vineyard
or poker, eh, Tom?" he shouted thickly,
with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha, old man,
face, up to my bad tricks at last!" But,
recovering himself immediately, he
pushed the other off at arm's length
and slapped himself smartly on the
brow. "Never mind; all right, all right—
only a bad wave now and then. A
walk will make me more a man than
ever."
"You'd much better go to bed, Cral-
ley."
"I can't. I'm going to change my
clothes and go out."
"Why?"
Cralley did not answer, but at that
moment the Catholic church bell, sum-
moning the faithful to mass, pealed
loudly on the morning air, and the
steady glance of Tom Vanrevel rested
upon the red-tiled roof of the man be-
side him as they went together to
his birthday.
It was Tom who started his eyes, not
Cralley.
"Then you'd best go to bed," he said hesi-
tantly. "I must sleep, you know, and
went downstairs to my room with flushed
cheeks, a hand to my forehead, and an ex-
pression which would have led a stranger
to believe that he had just been
caught in a lie.
He went to the window and
seated himself on the ledge, the
only one in the room not too dusty for
occupation, for here, at this hour, Tom
had taken his place every morning
since Elizabeth Carew had come from
the convent. The window was a cove
of vantage, commanding the corner of
Carew and Main streets. Some dis-
tance west of the corner the Catholic
Church cast its long shadow across
Main street, and in order to enter the
church a person who lived upon Ca-
rewe street must pass the corner or
else make a half mile detour and ap-
proach from the other direction, which
the person never did. Tom had thought
it out the first night that Miss Betty
had kept him awake, and that was the
first night Miss Carew spent in Rouen.
The St. Mary's girl would be sure to
go to mass every day, which was why
the window ledge was dusted the next
morning.
The glass doors of the little corner
drug store caught the early sun of the
hot May morning and became like

THE DOG LAW.
The dog law, which has passed
both branches of the Legislature
and which will become a law by
June, is quite comprehensive. The
following are some of its provi-
sions:
Every dog over four months old
shall be taxed.
Every person who keeps or har-
bors a dog on his place, or allows
it to be done, shall be considered
the owner.
The Assessor shall note the name,
kind, color, size, age and sex in
the Assessor's book.
The tax on dogs shall be kept as
a separate fund and to be used to
pay for sheep killed by dogs.
Elaborate provisions are made
for proving the loss of sheep an-
claims for damage shall be acted
on by the Fiscal Court.
The owner of the dog shall be
liable for damages done by his
dog, but if the persons bitten are
upon the premises of the owner at
night, no damage shall be allowed.
All dogs listed for taxation shall
be regarded as property and the
owner may recover for all dam-
ages done by his dog.
Every person who owns and
harbors a dog and fails to list it
with the Assessor, shall be fined
ten dollars for each dog, and if he
fails or refuses to pay the tax he
shall be fined twenty-five dollars
for each dog.
The Sheriff and his deputies
and the Constables shall kill, or
cause to be killed, all dogs on
which the tax is not paid, and
shall be allowed fifty cents for
each dog killed.
Any person who shall put out
poison upon his premises or else-
where where the same may poison
any dog shall be fined from \$2 to
\$25, or put in jail for six months,
or both, at the discretion of the
jury, and shall be liable for dam-
ages to the owner of the dog.
The tax is one dollar on each
dog.
The law contains many other
provisions, but these are the most
prominent.
Clears the Complexion.
Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup stimu-
lates the liver and thoroughly cleanses
the system and clears the complexion
of pimples and blotches. It is the best
remedy for women and children, as it
is mild and pleasant, and does not
gripe or sicken. Orino is much superi-
or to pills, aperient waters and all
ordinary cathartics as it does not irri-
tate the stomach and bowels. Jackson
Drug Co.

NOTICE OF SALE.
On Saturday, March 24,
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VILLIE LEE CO., KY.

